HOME AND FARM MAGAZINE SECTION SERIAL.

The Secret of the Night

By Gaston Leroux

THRILLING MYSTERY STORY OF RUSSIAN INTRIGUE BY NOTED PRENCH AUTHOR

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAP-

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

Taung Juseph Houletabille, estensible a reporter for a Parision newapaper and in fract, a detective of reporter for a Parision newapaper and in the control of the contro

The General Parmenades.

"G OOD morning, my dear little fa-miliar spirit. The General slept splendidly the latter part of the night. He did not touch his sarcetic. I am sure it is that dreadful mixture am sure it is that dreadful mixture that gives him such frightful dreams. And you, my dear little friend, you have not sleept an instant. I know it. I felt you going everywhere about the house like a little mouse. Ah, it seems good, so good. I slept so peacefully, hearing the subdued movement of your have given me, little friend."

Matrona talked on to Rouletabille, whom she had found the morning after

the nightmare tranquilly smoking his

pipe in the garden,

"Ah ah, you smoke a pipe. Now you do certainly look exactly like a dear little domovio-doukh. See how much yes are alike. He amokes just like you. Nothing new, ch? You do not

do certainly look exactly like a dear little domovic-doukh. See how much you are allike. He sombles just the you. Nothing new, elt? You'de for you are with the you may be a seeman of the think of the you with the you may the you have fust behind mine. You bed is waiting for you. Is there agathing you need? Tell use. Everything here is at your service.

"How can you say that, lear child? Too will make yourself stell, i want he good, broid the young man sulling," after this outnowing of words from the good heroid dame.

"How can you say that, dear child? You will have good you have done that you have heard its year, this merting? It you had breakfast yet this merting? It you do not have here you had breakfast yet this merting? It you do not have here you had breakfast yet this merting? It you do not have here you had breakfast yet this merting? It you have heard the scene of the might. I have been straid that you would want to leave at once and for good, and that you would have a food you would want to leave at once and for good, and that you would have a form the young t

nothing but the countersign and massacrea fathers and mothers, crying. Vive it Tsar! Truly, it seems his heart can only be touched by the sight of Natacha. And that again has caused a good deal of anxiety to Feodor and me. It has caught us in a uscless complication that we would have liked to end by the prompt murriage of Natacha and Horis. But Natacha, to our great surprise, has not wished it to be so. No, she has not wished it to be so. No, she has not wished it in he burry to leave us. Meantime she entertains herself with this Michael as if she did not fear his passion, and neither has Michael the desperate air of a man who knows the definite engagement of Natacha and Boris. And my step-daughter is not a coquette. No no. No one can say she is a coquette. At least, no one had been able to say it up to the time that Michael arrived. Can it be that she is a coquette? They are mysterious, these young girls, very mysterious, above all when they have that caim and tranquil look that Natucha always has; a face, monsieur, as you have noticed perhaps, whose beauty is rather passive whatever one says and does, excepting when the volleys in the streets kill her young comrades of the schools. Then I have seen her almost faint, which proves she has a great heart under her tranquil beauty. Poor Natacha! I have seen her seerching in the middle of the night, with me, for infernal machines under the furniture, and then she has expressed the opinion that it is nervous, suitalosh, unworthy of us to act like that, like timid beasts under the sofas, and she has left me to search by myself. True, she never quits the general. She is more reseaured and is reassuring to him, at his side. It has an excellent moral effect on him, while I waik about and search like a beast. And she has become as fatallatic as he, and now she slong verses to the guala, like Boris, or talks in corners with Michael, which makes the two encaged each with the other. They are curious, the young women of St. Petersburs and Moscow, very curious. We were not li

both divine and human laws. He suspects Boris also of setting Natacha's wits awry. We really have to consider that when they are married they will read everything they have a mind to. My husband has much more real respect for Michael Korsakoff because of his impregnable character and his granite conscience. More than once he has said, 'Here is the side I should have had in the worst days of Moscow. He would have spared me much of the individual pain.' I can understand how that would please the general, but how such a tigerish nature succeeds in appealing to Natacha, how it succeeds in not actually revolting her, these young girls of the capital, one never can tell about them—they get away from all your notions of them.'

Rouletabille inquired:

"Why did Boris say to Michael, 'We will return together?" Do they live together?"

"Yes, in the small villa on the Krestowsky Ostroy, the isle across from

sether?"
"Yes, in the small villa on the Krestowsky Ostrov, the lale across from ours, that you can see from the window of the sitting-room. Beris chose it because of that. The orderlies wished to have camp beds prepared for them right here in the general's house, by a natural devotion to him, but I opposed it, in order to keep them both from Natacha, in whom, of course, I have the most complete confidence, but one cannot be sure about the extravagance of men newsdays."

Ernotal came to announce the petit-

Ermolal came to announce the petit-deleuner. They found Natacha already at table and she poured them coffee and milk, eating away all the time at a sandwich of anchovies and caviare.

a andwich of anchovies and caviare.
"Tell me, mamma, do you know what
gives me such an appetite? It is the
thought of the way poor Koupriane
must have taken this dismissal of his
men. I should like to go to see him."
"If you see him," said Routetabille,
"It is unnecessary to tell him that the
general will go far a long promenade
among the isles this afternoon, because without fail he would send us an
encort of gendarmes."
"Papa! A premenade among the

ercort of gendarmes." Tapa! A premenade among the inlands? Truly? Oh, that is going to be lovely!"

islands? Truly? Oh, that is going to be lovely?"

Matrona Petrovna sprang to her feet.

"Are you mad, my dear little domovel, actually mad?"

"Why? Why? It is fine. I must run and tell paps."

"Your father's room is locked," said Matrona brusquely.

"Yes, yes, he is locked in. You have the key. Locked away until death. You will kill him. It will be you who kills him."

She left the table without waiting for a reply and went and shut herself also in her chamber.

Matrona locked at Rouletabille, who continued his breakfast as though nothing had happened.

"Is it possible that you speak reriously?" she demanded, coming over and sitting down beside him. "A promenade! Without the police, when we have received again this morning a letter saying now that before forty-

elight hours the general will be dead?"

"Forty-eight hours," anid Routabille, seaking his bread in his chocolate, "forty-eight hours? It is possible. In any case, I know they will try something very noon."

"My God, how is it that you believe that? You speak with assurance."

"Madame, it is necessary to do everything I tell you, to the letter."

"But to have the general go out, unless be is guarded—how can you take such a responsibility? When I think about it, when I really think about it, I ask myself how you have dared send away the police. But here, at least, I know what to do in order to feel a little safe, I know that downstairs with Gniagnia and Ermolai we have nothing to fear. No stranger can approach even the basement. The provisions are brought from the lodge by our dvornicks whom we have had sent from my mother's home in the Orel country and who are as devoted to us as buildegs. Not a bottle of preserves is taken into the kitchens without having been previously opened outside. No package comes from any tradesman without being opened in the lodge, Here, within, we are able to feel a little safe, even without the police—but away from here—outside?"

"Madame, they are going to try to kill your husband within forty-eight hours. Do you desire me to save him perhaps for a long time—for good, perhaps?"

"Ab, listen to bim! Listen to him, the dear little domovoi! But what will Koupriane say? He will not permit any venturing beyond the villa; none, at least for the moment. Ah, now, how he looks at me, the dear little domovoi! Oh, well, yes. There, I will do as you wish."

"Very well, come into the garden with me."

She accompanied him, leaning on his arm.

"Hero's the idea," said Rouletabille, "This afternoon you will go with the

arm.

"Here's the idea," said Rouletabille.

"This aftermoon you will go with the general in his rolling chair. Everybody will follow. Everyone, you understand, will follow. Everyone, you understand, and thoroughly. I mean to say that everyone who wishes to come must be invited to. Only these who wish to remain behind will do so. And do not insist. Ah now, I see, you understand me. Why do you tremble?"

"But who will guard the house?"

"No one. Simply the servant at the

"No one. Simply the servant at the lodge to watch from the lodge those who enter the villa, but simply from the lodge, without interfering with them, and saying nothing to them, nothing."
"I will do as you wish. Do you want me to announce our promenade beforehand?"
"Why, certainly, Don't, be unecons.

"Why, certainly, Don't be uneasy; let everybody have the good news."
"Oh, I will tell only the general and his friends, you may be sure."
"Now, don't Madame, just one more word. Do not wait for me at lunch-

(To Be Continued.)

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